

Silver Thunderbird

Marc Cohn

Watched it comin' up Winslow, down south park boulevard
Yeah it was looking good from tail to hood
Great big fins and painted steel
Man it looked just like the batmobile
With my old man behind the wheel

Well you could hardly even see him
In all of that chrome
The man with the plan and the pocket comb
But every night it carried him home
And I could hear him sayin'

Don't you gimme no buick
Son you must take my word
If there's a God in Heaven
He's got a silver thunderbird
You can keep your El Dorados
And the foreign car's absurd
Me I wanna go down
In a silver thunderbird

He got up every mornin' while I was still asleep
But I remember the sound of him shufflin' around
Right before the crack of dawn
When I heard him turn the motor on
But when I got up they were gone

Down the road in the rain and snow
The man and his machine would go
Oh the secrets that old car would know
Sometimes I hear him sayin'

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